THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

The friend of Socrates, the friend of Plato,
But above all, the friend of truth.

BALTIMORE: Printed (for the Editor) by JOSEPH ROBINSON, and published every Saturday morning, at No. 4, North Charles-street; where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, &c. are received.....Terms of subscription, Five Dollars a year, payable in advance.

Vol. II. *Saturday, October* 10, 1807. *No.* 15.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

RETROSPECT OF LITERATURE,

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

[*Continued from page* 223.]

Having shewn Mr. Malthus's principle, we must now proceed to the application of it. M. Condorcet, in France, and Mr. Godwin, in England, have endeavoured to establish the doctrine of the perfectibility of human nature, and argued that all the vice and misery that exist in society, proceed from the imperfection of human institutions. Mr. Malthus considers the malinfluence of human institutions as perfectly insignificant, compared with those deeper seated causes of evil, which result from the laws of nature, or, in other words, from the principle of population; and, in our judgement, he has completely succeeded in overturning the speculations of those philosophers, and has proved, by arguments which cannot be refuted, that could vice and misery be banished from the world, by any regulations of human wisdom, the progressive increase of population would, in a short time, infallibly produce their re-appearance.

The length of the preceding article, which the high character of Mr. Malthus and the just reputation of his work has acquired, rendered unavoidable, obliges us to curtail this head of our retrospect. Yet we must not pass over, without respectful notice, of Sir F. M. Eden's "*Observations on Friendly Societies for* "*the Maintenance of industrious Classes, during Sickness, Infirmity,* "*and other Exigencies.*" According to the calculation of this amiable and excellent philanthropist, whose works we have always opened with pleasure, and never concluded without instruction, the aggregate number of benefit societies in England and Wales is 7200, which, on an average of 90 members belonging to each society, makes a total of 648,000 persons united for the relief of each other. The plan of a benefit society, as stated by the worthy Baronet, which is established on a very simple principle, in the country of Ayr, in Scotland, deserves to be

generally known. It consists of about fifty members, and is called the Penny or Half-penny Society. It has no funds which can be embezzled; but, when a brother is confined to his bed by sickness, every member pays him a penny a week; and if he should go out, but not to work, a halfpenny. This in a cheap country like Scotland may be sufficient aid, and it has this advantage, that the members need not, as is too much the case with benefit societies in the metropolis, waste any of their time in ale-houses, in settling the accounts of the society.

Another work, which it would be unpardonable to pass without notice, in a retrospect like this, is, "*The West Indian Common "Place Book,*" by Sir William Young, the friend and biographer of Mr. Bryan Edwards, and one of our most opulent colonial proprietors. This work, the fruit of more than twenty-two years attention to West-India affairs, with the best opportunities of becoming thoroughly master of all the subjects connected with them, ought to have a place in the library of every West-India merchant, and the vast number of official documents and parliamentary reports, which it contains, will render it highly valuable to the future historian and the future legislator of those distant and important possessions.

VOYAGES, TRAVELS, &c.

Of late years this class of publications has been wonderfully increased, so that if we except the interiour of Africa, where little has been done, and much remains to be performed, there are now very few regions of the earth, which the perseverance of travellers has not enabled them to give us some accounts of. This is to be attributed to a more general diffusion of knowledge in our times, compared with those of twenty or thirty years back, and the encouragement afforded to authors and publishers, by the numerous reading societies and circulating libraries, which are now established, some of them on a most magnificent scale, in every part of the kingdom. Another cause to which the increase of these literary productions is attributable, is the effect of the French revolution. That stupendous civil convulsion has been the means of calling into existence almost as numerous an host of travellers, tourists, letter-writers, or by whatever names they have chosen to designate themselves, as of statesmen, politicians, and historians, who have sprung from that Cadmean field of crimes and disorders. A mere recapitulation of the titles of those books, to which the celebrated expedition to Egypt gave rise, would exceed the limits to which we are of necessity obliged to confine this article. Still less could we pretend to give our readers a list of those ready writers, who took advantage of the late precarious peace, to flock to the Continent, and, on their return, amused the publick, under various forms, and at various prices, with the wonders of revolutionized France. For more than six months the press groaned with

their number, and the Reviews were full of "*Tours in France,*" "*Rambles,*" "*Trips,*" "*Visits,*" "*Letters,*" or whatever else the author's fancies led them to call them, so that a person, who was much in the habit of reading the Reviews of that period, and gathered most of his ideas from them, declared, that they were so full of Paris, that though he had been born in London, and was never farther from it than the distance of a watering place, he knew more of the metropolis of France than he did of his native capital.

To pass over the superficial travellers, and return to those whose names deserve to be preserved, we shall observe, that by far the most important work to which the expedition to Egypt gave birth, is "*Travels in Upper and Lower Egypt,*" *&c. &c.* by *Vivant Denon.* He was at the head of the French savans, selected by the National Institute to accompany the army to Egypt, and he enjoyed the particular confidence of the Commander in Chief. Under these circumstances it may be conceived, that M. Denon viewed the country with advantages which no ordinary traveller could possess, and having before been favourably known to the literati of Europe by his travels in Sicily, his work was received with general avidity. If it does not quite come up to the expectations which were formed of it from M. Denon's previous literary character, and the knowledge of the high auspices under which it was published, it is certainly the most splendid and magnificent work on Egypt that has hitherto appeared. Three translations have been made of it into English, but two of them are mere abridgements, and those executed in a careless and slovenly style. Mr. Arthur Aikin's translation is a spirited and well executed performance; it contains the whole original work, and has the same number of engravings.

Next after M. Denon's celebrated work, "*Travels in Turkey,* "*Asia Minor, Syria, and across the Dessert into Egypt,*" by *William Wittman, M. D.* may be regarded as the most important production that the invasion of Egypt has occasioned. Dr. Wittman, if he did not travel with all the advantages that attended M. Denon's mission, had opportunities of observation afforded him, from his professional connection with the army of the Grand Vizier, which have seldom, if ever, fallen to the lot of any British individual, and he has industriously availed himself of them.

Of the military transactions in Egypt, the fullest accounts are those which have been published in French, by General Regnier, and since translated into English; and Sir Robert Wilson's "*History of the British Expedition to Egypt.*" There is a striking difference in those accounts, which we must leave it to military men to reconcile; but after the late experience which General Regnier has had of the valour of the British for-

ces in Calabria, we think he will be cautious for the future how he accuses our troops of timidity, or our generals of incapacity.

And Sir Robert Wilson, who, we believe, is now at the head-quarters of the allies in Poland, if he should think proper to write the history of the campaign on the Vistula, will render his work more interesting, if he will take greater pains to authenticate his facts. We throw out this hint to Sir Robert without meaning in the least to impeach his statements, but, certainly, some of them would have come to us with more authority, had he been more precise in detailing the sources from whence he derived them.

The Rev. Cooper Willyam's "*Voyage up the Mediterranean, in his Majesty's Ship the Swiftsure, one of the Squadron under the Command of Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, K. B.*" is a well written and animated production; and the description it contains of the battle of the Nile, of which the author was an eye witness, is the best account of that celebrated engagement that we have ever met with. But the engravings, with which the work is disfigured, add to its price without adding to its value. Engravings are, at best, but unsubstantial images of realities, and, when they present us with views, give us masses without forms. Unless a Claude Loraine or a Gainsborough should arise among our travellers, we wish our voyagers and tourists would content themselves with giving us representations of remarkable buildings, palaces, streets, and such other objects, as are within the compass of their proficiency in the arts successfully to imitate. Sir John Carr, of whom we shall have occasion to make mention hereafter, has eminently succeeded in this way. He has put us in possession of views of the most beautiful buildings in Europe. We are convinced at first sight of their general accuracy, and we form a tolerable idea of the buildings themselves from his delineations of them. To illustrate our ideas on the subject, in a very few words, we should prefer a book of travels which should contain an inveterate likeness of the Rialto, and such celebrated erections, if they were only of the value of twelve-penny prints, to another which should give us only distant views, though drawn even in the best style of the younger Cosens.

Among our English travellers, who have lately visited the continent, Mr. Holcroft holds the first rank; and, his "*Travels in Germany, Holland, Flanders, and France, to Paris,*" may fairly vie with any similar publication in the English language, whether we consider the beauty and fidelity of the engravings with which his work is embellished, or the literary merits of the composition. The merits of Mr. Holcroft as a successful dramatick writer have long been known to the publick; and it is not too much to say, that all that nice delineation of character, and terseness of reflection, which about twenty years ago so strongly recommended his "*Road to Ruin*" to the favour of the

town, are to be found in his present volumes. The late Dr. Moore's "*Letters from France and Italy,*" and Mr. Coxe's "*Tra-*
"*vels in Poland, Russia, Denmark, Sweeden,*" &c. have been justly admired for the faithful portraiture which those writers have presented us of the counties through which they passed: Mr. Holcroft's volumes possess the same recommendations; they are equally distinguished for liveliness of narrative, richness of anecdote, and an accumulation of valuable and interesting facts.

Another dramatick writer of great celebrity, M. Kotzebue, has added to the reputation he already so deserved possessed, by the publication of his travels in various parts of Europe. It would not be easy to point out in this or any other language, a more interesting narrative than his "*Account of his Exile into Siberia,*" and of the other extraordinary incidents which happened to him in Russia. And his "*Travels from Berlin to Pa-*
"*ris,*" and "*Travels through Italy,*" are well calculated to make us acquainted with the modern state of those countries. Few living writers can lay a stronger claim to the knowledge of the human heart and human feelings than M. Kotzebue, witness the success of his dramatick pieces, equally the delight of Vienna and of Paris, of Petersburgh and of London. As a traveller his merits are not so conspicious as a dramatist; but nothing falls from his pen that is unworthy of a man of taste and feelings.

Mr. Barrow's "*Travels in China,*" and "*Travels into the inte-*
"*riour of Southern Africa,*" are valuable additions to this department of English literature. Mr. Barrow was secretary to the Earl of Macartney, on his embassy to the court of Pekin, and he held the same situation when his lordship was governor at the Cape of Good Hope. His publications, therefore, carry with them something like the seal of authority.

"*Voyages from Montreal, on the River St. Lawrence, through the*
"*Continent of North America, to the Frozen and Pacifick Oceans, in*
"*the Years* 1789 *and* 1793," by Alexander Mackenzie, Esq.... These voyages rank Mr. Mackenzie among our first nautical adventurers: his crew consisted only of a few Indians and Canadian boat-men, who were paid by himself, and his only vessel was his own canoe. Mr. Mackenzie, if he had effected nothing more, would have been entitled to high consideration for having proved that there is no practicable north-west passage between the Atlantick and Pacifick Oceans. The solution of this question has long been a desideratum in geography; but thanks to our indefatigable voyager's perseverance, it may now be considered as settled forever.

Captain Burney's "*Chronological History of the Discoveries in*
"*the South Sea, or Pacifick Ocean,*" is a work worthy of the pupil and companion of the immortal Cook, and will render the name of Burney as illustrious in navigation, as his father has rendered it in musick, his brother in ancient literature, and the

amiable authoress of Cecilia in the walks of fiction. We sincerely wish Captain Burney health and perseverance to prosecute his arduous undertaking.

The mention of Captain Burney's invaluable work leads us to the consideration of the "*Collection of Modern and Contemporary* "*Voyages and Travels,*" of which five volumes have appeared, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the most interesting and important publications of the present day. Captain Burney's work is on a more scientifick (this on a more popular) plan; but each are excellent in their kind, and we rejoice in the opportunity of recommending such works to the notice of the publick.

The labours of Sir John Carr remain to be noticed. We can scarcely hope to add to the reputation which this lively and sensible writer has so justly acquired, but we should act with a great want of candour towards him, were we to withhold our thanks for the pleasure and instruction we have derived from the perusal of his "*Northern Summer or Travels round the Bal-*"*tick*;" his "*Stranger in Ireland*;" and his "*Travels through* "*Holland and along the Rhine to Mentz.*" It is seldom our good fortune to accompany a traveller so full of natural humour, poignant wit, and happy observation; and, like persons who have met in a stage coach, and been pleased with each others company, but must separate when they come to the end of their journey, so, when we have come to the end of this volume, we have always parted from Sir John with regret. The engravings to his different tours are executed in a very handsome manner, and, as far as we can judge from the objects they represent, which we have seen, are very faithful and correct views of the places they exhibit. On the whole, Sir John may justly rank with the Swinburnes and Brydones of a former period.

Few modern publications in this class of literature have been received with more favour by the publick, or more indulgence by the criticks, than a "*Voyages round the World, in the Years* "1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, *and* 1804," by *John Turnbull*. This navigator sailed on a mercantile adventure to the north-west coast of America; and, in the course of his voyage, touched at Madeira, Brazil, the Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales, Norfolk Island, and the Society and Sandwich Islands. His vessel being lost at the latter, Mr. Turnbull was compelled to remain some months at Otaheite, which afforded him an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the manners and customs of the inhabitants of that and the neighbouring islands than he could otherwise have had. Accordingly, this is the most interesting and curious part of Mr. Turnbull's narrative; and he presents us with a more accurate and striking picture of the Otaheitans than any preceding visitors have been able to give. His account of Tamahama, the chief, in particular, is highly interesting. Mr. Turnbull represents him as a very ex-

traordinary personage, and that he has profited greatly by his intercourse with Europeans. His palace is built after the European style, of brick, and with glazed windows, having European and American artificers about him of almost every description. But the most remarkable feature in the character of this unlettered chieftain seems to be his attention to the creation of a naval force. It was only in 1792, that Captain Vancover laid down the keel of his first vessel, and when Mr. Turnbull was at Otaheite, he had upwards of twenty vessels of different sizes, from twenty-five to fifty tons: some of them were even coppered. Our limits will not allow us to make an extract from this work, but we can safely recommend it to the publick, and particularly to the younger classes of readers. It is written in a style of manly simplicity; and is evidently the production of a strong and discriminating mind.

[*To be continued.*]

FOR THE OBSERVER.

DOCTOR CRAWFORD'S THEORY,

AND AN APPLICATION OF IT TO THE TREATMENT OF DISEASES.

(Continued from p. 220.)

Kircher in his tenth chapter has a curious fact, and a not less curious manner of accounting for it. He states that during the Pontificate of Agatho, in 680, there was a cruel pestilence accompanied by an extraordinary prodigy. A bad angel was seen in a sensible form, with a pole to strike against the doors of houses, and according to the number of strokes, was the number of deaths in each house. The fact he thus accounts for, was that the sufferers died yawning or sneezing, hence, the custom of praying God to bless those who sneeze ever since. We are not to wonder that the opinions of a man so much under the dominions of superstition should have been adduced in such a way as to destroy their credibility, that the truth of all his assertions should be so much questioned as to have left him a very small number of advocates.

I shall now mention a few of his experiments, made in the time of epedemicks, at least such as he recommends to be made while they prevail, and that may be worthy of remembrance.

Experiments to prove the existence of infection in the air.

Take bread warm from the oven, expose it to the air during the night, in an open place, much elevated, as on the roof of a house, or affixed to the top of a high pole. If the air is pestiferous, it will be found musty the next day. If this is given to dogs or poultry, they will refuse it, sensible of the poisonous quality it has acquired; if they should partake of it, they will

quickly die. If the air is not contaminated this event will not happen.

Let the dew on the grass be collected early in the morning.... If this be macerated with bread, and offered to the same animals, the same consequences will follow; they will either refuse it, or they will, if they use it, certainly perish, provided the cause of pestilence abounds.

Wainscotted walls, beds, chairs and tables, especially in the upper chambers, when the air is highly infected, will be found damp: flesh, bread, eggs, apples, and other articles of food will be then infested with worms, in the same manner as when exposed to the putrid air of subterraneous recesses. These are often visible to the naked eye; through a microscope they are conspicuously perceptible. Proofs of this kind might be easily investigated. Numerous similar opinions are to be found in authors. The experiments, where the occasion offers, may be conveniently repeated, and their truth or falsehood ascertained. They might lead to important advantages, shewing the necessity of quickly removing from places so replete with danger.

His remarks on the signs of approaching, assailing, declining and departing plagues, are true pictures, and contain nothing new. They are verified by all authors who have written on the subject. He enumerates various descriptions of persons who have escaped contagion, even where it most abounds.... This he attributes to a variety in diet, which he deems the usual vehicle of the cause of pestilence. Hence, he observes, when different societies live on different articles of food, those only who partake of such as are contaminated can suffer. In this way he accounts for the prevalence of a plague in Switzerland, whilst France and Italy escaped. The former make extensive use of milk, which he believes to have been polluted by the animals from whom it was taken, whilst it constitutes a small share of the sustenance of the inhabitants of the latter. This in some instances may be true, but probably not in the way he alledges. A difference of food may effect a difference of constitution, which may induce a selection exercised by every animal in its choice of food; but this shall be, hereafter, more fully considered. J. C.

[*To be continued*]

POLITICAL.

For the Observer.

REVERIES OF A RECLUSE.

It is now a year since Buonaparte left Paris to march into Franconia, for the purpose of meeting *his friend*, the King of Prussia. Fifteen days afterwards, the day of Jena, opened the

heart of Brandenburg to the Gallick eagles. The consequences of this disaster are well known ; nine months have sufficed to overturn the throne of Frederick the IId. and to drive the immense swarms of Russians and Cossacks back to their own territory. What will be the end of the *pacifick comedy* which has recently taken place of these scenes of carnage ? Will it *be the universal peace* which the Abbe St. Pierre dreamt of, a dream which so well demonstrates the insufficiency and absurdity of philosophical theories; or rather is not this respite a prelude to new furies, and events no less astonishing than those which have just changed the face of Europe.

In admitting the hypothesis of Buonaparte's preservation, the answer is easy ; because it is evident, be it said *en passant*, that at his death, all the conquered nations will seek to shake off the yoke which will so much have humbled them, and that England if she should still be in a condition to undertake it, will endeavour to destroy France, and efface even to her very name, in order to assure her own tranquility for the future. The contest between France and England must be considered a *mortal combat*. Buonaparte is young and though apparently weak, it has been fully evinced by all the fatigues he has undergone in Italy, and in Egypt, as well from changes of climate, as from the perplexing circumstances in which he has been placed, in short, by the unheard of labours to which he has accustomed himself, that his constitution is proof against those influences which ruin those of men in general ; there is no human calculation which can set a limit either to his career or to his innovations, because *innovation* is inherent in his character, as well as necessary and indispensable to the preservation of his power.... The words which Mr. Windham so judiciously used in Parliament, at the time of the rejoicings and illuminations which were made in London for the preliminaries of the treaty of Amiens, may be now applied to all Europe : "*these torches are the funeral torches of Great-Britain.*" Perhaps in pursuing this idea, we might justly consider the repose which so many expect from the treaty of Tilsit, like the effect of opium, which gently leads the patient to the grave.

War, and *constant war*, such is the answer that wholesome judgement prescribes to those who have studied not so much the ambitious character of Buonaparte, as the indispensable obligation which he is under, of carrying fire all around him to the last, like those comets which cannot cease to shine until they no longer find any thing to nourish their flame.

Buonaparte, by the delay of a month, which the treaty of Tilsit accords to England, seems to have traced the *circle of Popilius* to this power. Will the haughty Britons conform to this *pacifick injunction*, or will they alone continue the war against almost all the forces of Europe and Asia united ? this we shall learn by the first intelligence that reaches us, but it should be

observed that the alliance of the Orientals with Buonaparte, ceases to be a contemptible force, when directed by so firm a hand, a despotism so vigorous; and led on by the impetuous torrent of a French Army; and that in this new situation although they may be little to be dreaded by themselves, they may become a terrible scourge to the British power in the East-Indies.

Whoever doubts that the *French army in Dalmatia* may be destined for Indostan, probably forgets that Alexander left Macedonia, which is contiguous to Dalmatia, with 35,000 Greeks only, to subdue Asia and conquer India. Now who could suppose that this enterprise can be more difficult for a Buonaparte, much better known and much more feared in Asia, than was Alexander, when he first bent his steps there? Who could believe that the sacrifice of an army of 50,000 men expedited into Asia, should produce a sensible deficit to a power who possesses 500,000 national soldiers, and has almost as many auxiliaries entirely at his command? Who does not know that the armies of the present day, move with infinitely more facility and celerity than ever? Do we not see that the new revolution in Constantinople, defined in the publick papers of France, by the title of *Anti-christian Revolution,* is one of the preliminary circumstances of this vast and decisive enterprise? Has the revolution of Constantinople been the natural fruit of the fanatacism and prejudices of the Ottomans against all foreign military institutions, or rather like the insurrections of *Verona* and *Rome,* (which had been instigated by the French themselves for the purpose of seizing Venice and the person of Pius VI.) was this revolution directed by the *Corsican Sebastiani,* Ambassadour and General of Buonaparte? This is what cannot yet be determined here: but whatever may have been its cause, this event is another of Buonaparte's lucky chances, because it authorises him to establish a government there entirely at his devotion, to march his army in Dalmatia to Constatinople, for the purpose of establishing order there, in conjunction with Russia, who in reward of this transaction, will probably take the place of Sultan for one of her Princes; we shall be easily persuaded of the good will which Buonaparte bears towards the *Porte,* when we remember that he pretended in Egypt, to have carried war there, only *to command respect for the authority of the Grand Signior, which had been outraged by the insubordination of the Beys and the Mamelukes!* thus to prevent the consequences of an *Anti-christian* Revolution, should we be astonished if he took possession of the Dardanelles during the negotiations, as during the peace of Amiens he took possession of Italy?

This is so much the more important to him, as that in this position he can have an eye upon the Russians in the Black Sea; he will be master of making them all the concessions which his system of politicks prescribes to him; he can more

conveniently, should he require them, excite the Jews in the East, who always persuaded that they are to return to Jerusalem under the guidance of a great conqueror, will very soon become the blindest satellites of a man whom they will view as equal to their ancient *Maccabees*. In short, he will a thousand times more easily influence the Persians and the Marattas by this step, than he could do as long as his communications with Asia were impeded by intermediate states. Thus all seems to announce that Asia is about to become the theatre of great events, *until the Tartars, the Fathers and Conquerors of all Nations*, put an end to them and offer in their turn, a new scene perhaps even to Europe.

So much for the old world.

But do not new subjects of war and litigation exist in the new ? a moment's reflection will decide this.

Is it not probable that Buonaparte will never acknowledge the Independence of the Negroes in St. Domingo ; that he will never allow that it should be said his standard was disgraced in the hands of his brother-in-law, by rebel slaves ; and can he fail in finding a pretext to justify this enterprise, and carry war to the West-Indies ?

On the other hand, would it not be an egregious act of folly, and of which no weakness or imprudence on his part, can give colour to the suspicion, if he contented himself with having crushed the coalition on the continent, which was only an arm in the hands of Great-Britain, and yet suffered this power to remain peaceably entrenched behind an arm of the sea, exempt from experienceing the effects of the disasters which have befallen her allies, and without having suffered any loss or check peculiar to herself, to be at liberty to commence to-morrow, forming new leagues against his person and his government ? Certainly not—it may be expected that the moment in which all Europe bends to him, will be that in which his vengeance will weigh upon the first mover of those obstacles which have been so often opposed to him

Thus that anxious to restore his own Navy promptly, and to deprive England of the means of so easily keeping up hers, Buonaparte should require from her the cession of *Canada*, I think both a natural and just supposition. By this measure, he will have the glory in the eye of the French people, of having blotted out one of the stains of the reign of Louis the XVth, who had so imprudently abandoned this colony by the treaty of 1763. By this too, he will reserve to himself the means of *banishing civilly*, though in *fact*, all the generals or troops from the country, who may give him umbrage in the camp. He knows that the Canadians, who have always remained devotedly attached to France, will welcome with transport the standards of their mother Country, that being the children of soldiers, united to 25 or 30,000 men, they would form for him a respectable army on the new continent, almost in the twinkling of an eye.

This is not all : in this enterprise Buonaparte would find a concurrence of advantages, which cannot be dissembled to this country ; for the United States must be very willingly deceived, to believe that their distance from Europe will yet suffice to keep them out of the calculations of the Cabinets of the Old World. The aggrandisement of the American power cannot be a matter of indifference to Europe, and this is another reason why Buonaparte should be anxious to have a footing in North America ; and a *Prince here after his fashion*, in order to watch over the views of this country upon Mexico, whose riches he would think it just as well to

continue at his command, as that they should pass into the hands of the United States, who would not share them with so good a grace as does Spain with the Cabinet of St. Cloud.

By this means too, *Louisiana* would be under the influence of France, and this influence would be much more direct, if the *Havanna* should pass under the dominion of France, as has been so often reported, and not without design within the last twelvemonth. To recompence Spain for this sacrifice, which will be represented to her as necessary for the preservation of her American possessions is it unreasonable to suppose, that Bonaparte will stipulate as one of the terms of peace, the restoration of *Gibraltar* to Spain, as an indemnity for her losses during the war, and her fidelity towards him. If Buonaparte would extinguish the power of England, in the East Indies; if he would destroy all the sources of her wealth; he must necessarily exact this condition in order to break off all negociation with her that he may continue the war against her *alone*; because war is Buonaparte's element, and because during peace, the confusion of nations and of rivals united under his standards, could not fail to become fatal to him. Thus, if the peace in question can be concluded, it may be said before hand: *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentis*; for doubtless, the conditions will be such, that new convulsions cannot fail to be its deplorable consequences.

M. A.

From the American.

CLARA D'ALBE.

Nothing can be possibly more amusing than the delectable criticisms to which this little novel has given rise...it is perhaps, one of the prettiest things in that style of writing that has been lately given to the world. Its story is not painted it is true, to represent a set of faultless monsters who never did nor never can exist in nature. It pourtrays the influence of the passions in glowing colours, and shews the fatal consequences of suffering them to lay hold on the heart. Do the sapient criticks, who thunder the fulminations of their ignorance and envy against this tale, know what the word *novel* means? Do they know that it is a heightened representation of nature, and that tho' the colouring should be strong, the characters must have their origin in real life...if perfect beings are drawn, where is the reader that would not find in his own heart the strong testimony that the writer is an enthusiast, or a blockhead, who knows nothing of human nature? Who can read of the immaculate Sir C. Grandison, or the whining Harriet Byron, without disgust, and what practical lessons of virtue can be learnt from the examples of mere creatures of chimera, which every one knows never existed but in the author's sickly imagination.

On the contrary, it is impossible not to be touched with the softened virtues of Clara's character, and to deprecate the weakness that humbled so many excellencies to the dust. What young mind, if to be affected by such a story in any way, would not shrink from the thorny wiles of passion, shewn as it is with all its concomitant evils? The words of the author of the Pursuits of Literature, one of the most strenuous advocates for

morality of the age, which he applies to Rousseau's Eloisa, are equally relevant to the novel in question. "*The result from the perusal of the whole taken together is this, namely, that perpetual uneasiness, disquietude, and irreversible misery are the certain consequences of vice, or of fatal misconduct in any woman however highly gifted.*"----- Does not the celebrated Clarissa Harlowe of Richardson, open scenes to the knowledge of the delicate female, of which she ought for ever to remain ignorant? Does it not introduce herinto the horrible orgies of a brothel, and exhibit every blackened picture of infamy that fancy can suggest---yet, who talks of the *immorality* of Clarissa Harlowe?

But let us not be deceived---it is not the improper tendency of the work which arms these *chaste* spirits against it. Folly and affectation itself, cannot strain the novel to such an interpretation; but such is the delirium of passion, such the supernatural influence of ENVY, such the prodigies it works, that by a miracle, wich it alone could produce, the *Spectacles* that had long ago been cut to pieces by the force of an indispensable criticism, viper-like rejoined its scattered members on Saturday last and resuscitated to new purposes of malice. By the infamous and palpable falsehood he asserts concerning the origin of Clara, he only evinces his gross ignorance of style and language, to be equal to his impotent and contemptible malice. Can any one, who has the least discrimination in the English tongue, fail to perceive in a moment, that every page stamps it a translation? Clara d'Albe has been announced a considerable time, and it is easy to know that the lady who translated it was no other than the *female* against whom this champion and his gallant prompters, had waged a gross and indecent war; thus the moment it appeared, this band of literary pirates issued out from their obscure ambuscades, and after six months engendering, we behold the *impromptu* their revenge and envy has brought forth. But a part of their lesson they have forgotten....as the learned hog grunting out his knowledge, grows careless when he forgets the lash of his master's whip, they have given us latin which any school-boy would laugh at---*verbatum et literatum*, happens to be, verbat*im* et literat*im*, the learning of a dunce. O! no longer is the story of Balaam's Ass a miracle; when every day we see so many of the long eared tribe attempting to write, it is no wonder that they should possess the gift of speech also.

The *conscientious* Editor of the Federal Gazette too, remembering the retort courteous given to his correspondent C in *The Observer* some time ago, or rather perhaps, because he had no interest in the sale of the work, inveighs against it, as being vile and contaminating. When this oracle of uprightness is moved *by the spirit* to teach morality to the youth of Columbia, he will doubtless begin by impressing them with *principles of patriotism*, and teaching them that they must never sell *their honour and their consciences, like Esau, for a mess of pottage.*

And now, in reward of the mighty exploits of these doughty defenders of morality and literature, at the first convocation of the Muses, they shall be decreed an unfading wreath of *hay, oats and thistles*, symbolical of the delicacy of their taste, and in immortal remembrance of their *glorious atchievements in the fields of science.*

E. A.

☞ The original from which Clara d'Albe was translated, a 12mo. vol. printed in Paris, may be seen at Mr. Hill's Book-store, by any one who may be curious to see attested, the degree of reliance to be placed on the veracity of the Spectacles.

For the Observer.

THEATRICAL.

On Wednesday evening was performed The Honey Moon, a comedy from the pen of Mr. Tobin. The plot of this play appears to have been imitated from several different pieces of Shakspere...for instance, the main drift of the comedy in some degree, resembles Catharine and Petruchio, the character of Rolando that of Benedict, whilst Volante reminds us of Viola in *Twelfth Night, or, What you Will.* We do not think the characters of this piece regularly supported, nor that it has much of nature in it, but it abounds in chaste and lively wit, and is, taken altogether, one of the best modern comedies. Mrs. Warren played the part of Juliana to admiration; we have seldom seen this divine actress more attentive to the performance of her part. The small share of distinction she has received from the Baltimore audience, seems hardly to entitle them to her best exertions. The houses perhaps, have been generally as good here as in any other part of the union, but we have often failed in paying the discriminating tribute due to the charming talents of this elegant woman, and it should be remembered, that to those possessing the true celestial spark of genius, *honour* is a dearer recompence than gold. We have thefore, with regret, often seen Mrs. Warren's finest acting (particularly we remember in Constance in King John, last season) pass without a plaudit, while the house rings to the commendations bestowed on the distorted grimaces of Bray, and when Mrs. Warren took benefits, which she has with proper dignity for many years declined, the receipts never more than paid the expences of the night. Thus Mrs. Warren has certainly no great stimulus to the exertion of her powers to please the Baltimorians.

Mr. Wood's Duke Aranza, is the just representation of a true gentleman...he played his part with uncommon spirit and correctness.

Mr. Jefferson in Rolando, was admirable,..true to the "modesty of nature," this excellent performer never fails to delight.

Mrs. Wood in Zamora, was interesting...the dress she wore on resuming the habiliments of her sex, was very becoming... If Mrs. Wood would consult real taste in dress, which certainly consists in adapting its style to the figure of the wearer, she would never appear with her neck uncovered. The French who have made a science of the toilette, and have carried it to a higher degree of perfection than any other nation, always study to unite grace and fashion; but a French woman never conforms to a general mode, when it tends to lessen her beauty, or make a defect conspicuous.

Mrs. Woodham is very lovely...her performance of Volante

was sprightly and agreeable ; but she has too much action, and her movements are not sufficiently easy to be graceful.

Mr. Cone in the Count, was below notice...by what happy illusion this gentleman supposes his capacities are fit for the stage, we cannot divine.

We regretted the absence of our favourite, Blissett. Bray overacted his part to a most disgusting degree, and the manner in which he was painted rendered him absolutely hideous.

Francis in the Doctor, was still Francis...the pill scene is the worst in the play...it is an attempt at low humour, which does not succeed. The piece would be infinitely better without it. Mr. Tobin's wit is in a higher walk, and in attempting to descend, he has completely failed.

Paul and Virginia was the farce, in which Mr. Webster was the hero of the piece. We have before had occasion to speak of this actor, and we regret very sincerely, that his last night's performance has not changed our opinion of him. Nature having lost her model of a coxcomb, certainly created Mr. W. that the species might not become extinct, and truly he does honour to her workmanship, for, for ridiculous affectation, vanity and impertinence, he verily stands without a rival. In acting he struts over the stage like a barn door cock, and solely occupied with the display of what he supposes his beauties and his graces, he spreads his lily white hands, like a delicate lady drawing threads of the finest cambric. When he sings, his face and figure remind one of the melancholy spectacle of a creature in the agonies of convulsion. He stretches his mouth so tremendously wide, that only luckily for him, he has it from ear to ear, it certainly would give way to the contortion. If Mr. W. would modestly content himself with using his musical powers in a natural way, his voice is fine and by studying to improve it, he might soon become an agreeable singer, and on this score a favourite with the public—but when we see any thing so much the *opposite* of beauty as he is, playing off the airs of an Adonis, when with his hideous grimaces he treats us to the wretched *caricature* of an ape, while every look and motion announces the plenitude of his vanity and conceit, it is impossible to look at him with common patience, or to listen to him without disgust, and were he on the London stage, he would most indubitably be hissed off with the contempt he merits.

Mrs Woodham looked sweetly in Virginia—she exerted herself very much in the shipwreck scene, and we saw with pain, that she was much exhausted.

If Mr. Robins intends to continue on the stage, he would do well to endeavour to lay aside some of the provincial barbarisms of his pronunciation.

Mr. Bray was a most disgusting figure...certainly the part he acted does not require him to be so complete a sloven as he appeared.

Mr. Lewis's gorgeous Tragedy of Alphonso king of Castille was announced for Friday. The rage for show that governs the present taste, will certainly ensure a crowded house.

For the Observer.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

10*th October*, 1574, died *Martin Hemskirk*, a celebrated painter of Harlem, in Holland, he was 76 years of age, and had acquired great wealth by his talent in painting, it is now however no longer remarkable, but as relative to the state of the Arts in his time. By his will he left a considerable sum of money annually, for the purpose of giving wedding portions to a certain number of girls, only on condition that they should dance a particular day round the cross which was to be raised on his tomb. It is said that this cross was respected even amidst the religious commotions and wars of the Low Countries.

10*th October*, 1777, *General Burgoyne* having been beaten the 7th by General *Gates*, and having retreated under Saratoga, he found himself surrounded by the American army, to which he was obliged to surrender himself prisoner with all his army.

SELECTED.

SONNET

TO MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Occasioned by reading her very beautiful and pathetick Sonnets "Written in the Church-yard, Middletown," and "To Night."

A tear, if pitying Sympathy e'er shed
O'er suff'ring excellence, 'tis due to thee.
Whose lays each aching heart from anguish free.
Though Grief's dark tempest gathers round *thy* head.
Yet, as the nightingale's, thy strains of grief,
In notes of such soul-soothing sweetness flow,
That rapt, we listen to the tale of woe.
Nor, lest we break thy musick, bring relief.
Oh ! did I rove, like thee, among the flow'rs
Cultur'd by poesy, with tender hand,
To crown thy temples, I would weave a band,
Whose fragrant buds, endued with magick pow'rs,
Should (like thy lays) a lenient balm impart,
And sooth, to sweet tranquillity, thy heaat.

December 12th, 1805.